

## FRONTISPIECE

Some time ago, my son Peter gave me a book called Love Takes you Home, by Julie Capaldo. To best explain why I have decided to share the family recipes that were together in a folder in my Mother's kitchen, I'll quote from the back cover of this book: *"The ingredients of Grace Sabato's life are an extraordinary mixture of love, magic, music and myth...and food, always food. Her childhood senses are infused with the pungent odours of garlic, espresso and baccala..."*

And when I looked through this folder it wasn't music and myth, or garlic and espresso that came to mind, but childhood memories of the people who had written out their recipes in their own hand, and the food we shared back then. It seemed to me that a lot of the family history was contained in these spattered, stained pages and that family members would be as entertained as I was.

My original thought was simply to photocopy the pieces of paper and put them together with a photo of the person who had handed on their recipe. But in looking through an old folder of mine I came across some pieces of writing that for me brought the personality of the writer clearly into focus. So I wanted to share those too. There are Connie's lovely letters to my son Peter, Joan's delightful poems, a piece written by my Mother and another written about her.

Reading Grannie Helen's recipe for fruit cake brought back a clear memory of her sitting at the kitchen table at Congdon Street making Christmas cakes for example. Great Aunt Joan's recipe reminds me of the Martins, their home and all the wondrous things it contained.

And then you will have your memories too. So the problem then was where to stop with the memorabilia. I have put this collection together on to a CD, so that everyone can make their own additions.

With love,

Judy Hall  
June, 2006

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## **Constance Lodge** *(known as 'Gag' by her grandchildren)*

This is where this recipe journey began - with her gift to my mother of a recipe book. Her inscription on the first page is included and also two of her recipes.

## **Helen Hall** - *Gag's daughter, and my grandmother*

Her speciality was wedding and Christmas cakes.

## **Joan Martin** - *Granny Helen's sister, and my great aunt*

My memories are more of the house at Broome Street, Cottesloe (no longer standing), and its wonderful owners, but I do have two of her recipes.

## **Norman Martin** - *husband of Joan, and my great uncle*

No recipes, just information on his fishing expeditions, their trip back to the U.K. and Joan Salom's piece written for their Diamond wedding anniversary.

## **Margaret Wilson** - *Granny Helen's daughter and my mother*

My Mother's specialties were date and walnut loaves, peanut biscuits and sponge cakes (see Constance Lodge for the recipe she used). The date and walnut loaf recipe came from Pat Robertson, daughter of Joan and Norman Martin.

## **Constance Berryman** - *my Mother's sister and my aunt*

Afgan biscuits and shortbread, as well as devilled chicken are the things I remember.

## **Joan Salom** - *my Mother's sister and my aunt*

Joan was well known for her Stained Glass Window Cake and little cakes called Powder Puffs.

*I have included a selection of pieces written about, or by, my Mother and her sisters. I want to give my grandchildren a sense of the people they didn't have the opportunity to know.*



# CONSTANCE LODGE (NEE LEAKE)



## Seven Leake Sisters 1904.

The second and last time all the sisters were together since they grew up.

Standing L to R:  
Blanche Kelsall Jane Adam Jessie Skinner Constance Lodge

Seated:  
Lady Parker Mary Parry Rose Clifton.

The children of Geo. Walpole Leake & his wife Rose Ellen (nee Clifton of South Australia)

1. Mary Susanna b. 14-9-1851 md (1) 6-11-1873 William Alexander (1 child)  
d. 30-10-1909 (2) 15-4-1899 Bishop H. H. Parry (3 sons 1 dau.)
2. Jessie Rose Ellen b. 2-4-1853 md 27-7-1872 Colonel James Skinner (2 sons 5 dau)  
d. 3-3-1923
3. Amy Katherine b. 20-1-1855 md. 27-7-1872 (Rev) L. A. Parker (4 sons 7 dau)  
d. 12-3-1914
4. George Walpole Q.C. b. 3-12-1856 md. 15-9-1881 Louisa Burt - - - (5 sons 1 dau)  
d. 24-6-1902 (Premier of N.S.W.)
5. John Arthur b. 25-7-1858.  
d. 13-10-1884.
6. Sarah Constance b. 1-2-1860 md <sup>\*</sup> 15-9-1886 Jas. Constance Lodge (1 son 2 dau)  
d. 15-5-1939.
7. Rose Louisa b. 29-8-1862 md. 12-4-1882 R. C. Clifton (5 sons 6 dau.)  
d. 26-1-1930.
8. Jane Emily b. 22-12-1864 md 10-7-1888 Emily (R.N.) W. K. Adam (2 sons 2 dau.)  
d. 30-5-1951.
9. Blanche Edith b. 27-9-1866 md 22-12-1892 Dr. Henry Kelsall (2 sons 2 dau.)  
d. 5-5-1950

\* Peter James O'Meara  
& Helen Margaret Hall  
md. 15/9/1936 on my  
3rd parents Golden Wedding  
Day. R.M. Wilson.



M. Hall aged 17.

Margaret Hall.  
with Gag's love.

Carmarvon

July 10, 1932.

This is the inscription in the front of the recipe book that Constance Lodge (Gag) gave to my mother for her seventeenth birthday

OLD FASHIONED ENGLISH SPONGE CAKE.

This recipe was the one used by Mrs. T. S. Lodge (nee Connie Leake) of "Strelly" Busselton. She lived 1860-1939.

Beat separately the whites and yolks of three eggs until very stiff. Boil one cup of sugar with four tablespoons of water until it "strings". Put yolks and whites together and pour in the hot syrup and beat until lukewarm. Stir in one cup of plain flour which has been warmed and sifted and bake in a moderate oven for about an hour.

Grease a tin and shake sugar on it - this makes the crust crisp and delicious.

Welsh Rarebit

1 Tablespoon Butte.

1 Teaspoon Cornflour

1/2 Cup milk

1/4 lb Grated Cheese.

1/2 Teas. Salt

6. pepper &

Mustard

Gag



# Granny Helen's Recipe



Judy's 18th Birthday Cake  
and  
Wedding Cake



# Wedding Cake

- |    |                |        |   |                                     |
|----|----------------|--------|---|-------------------------------------|
| 2  | 1/2 lb butter  | 1/2 lb | 2 | 4yo chopped prunes                  |
| 2  | - brown sugar  | 1/2 lb | 2 | - crystallized lemon apple          |
| 2  | - P. flour     | 1/2 lb | 2 | - shredded peel                     |
| 4  | 1 lb Sultanina |        |   | 1/2 tea spoon <u>almond essence</u> |
| 4  | - raisins      |        | 1 | - vanilla                           |
| 1  | 4yo cherries   |        | 1 | - cinnamon                          |
| 1  | - dates        |        | 1 | - nutmeg                            |
| 20 | - almonds      |        | 1 | - <u>spice</u>                      |
| 20 | 5 eggs         |        | 1 | - salt                              |
|    | rum or sherry  |        | 1 | - grated lemon rind                 |

large green apple grated  
 Beat butter & sugar with grated lemon  
 add eggs mixing beat well between each  
 soft dry ingredients & turn add with  
 fruit lastly grated apple large  
 line tin & thickener brown paper then white  
 bake 325 375 354 hrs  
 I soaked the fruit with wine essence  
 over night and used a little extra  
 S. B. flour This mixture makes

about 20 lbs of cake (red figures).

Carlign Stirling-Taylor's recipe  
 used by H. R. Hall for Jane Hall's &  
 Judith Wilsons wedding cakes



## My Eighteenth Birthday 14 March 1956



I have clear memories of these cakes being made. Granny was precise. She would weigh the eggs, measure the flour, sift it three times, and chop everything minutely. The cakes would be professionally iced by an outside expert.

The wedding cake was five separate square cakes, four in each corner of the board, the fifth raised on pillars. The centre piece was a small white vase with fresh flowers. Two cakes were cut up at the reception; two went to the parents; we took the last and greedily ate it within a year.

## Our Wedding 26 November 1959





# Granny Helen at 21



## Granny Helen's Wedding Day





## JOAN AND NORMAN MARTIN



Aunt Joan's Wedding



THE WEST AUSTRALIAN SATURDAY JUNE 9 1973

Uncle Norman with his two favourite fishing rods. The smaller one was bought in Scotland in 1903.



Aunt Joan and Judy outside the Broome St. house

Composed by Joan Salom for Aunt Joan and Uncle  
Norman Martin on their Diamond Wedding Anniversary,  
2th April, 1973.

Today you should weigh in diamonds -  
Jubilee rare but true!  
Have a chariot drawn by unicorns  
Each hoof with a silver shoe.

And a golden path with petals strewn,  
Sweet as your own good deeds,  
With clusters of stars to light your way  
Lofted on ruby leads.

Though the road of Life's not quite like that  
Magic still binds two dears:  
You plighted your troth and kept that pledge  
These Sixty Splendid Years!

WELSH CAKES (AUNT JOAN MARTIN)

8oz. S.R. Flour

5oz. Butter

4oz. Sugar

4oz. Mixed Fruit

1 Egg, nutmeg and a little water.

Rub butter into flour; add other ingredients. Mix water & egg. Makes a soft dough. Cut into circles. Cook as biscuits. Sprinkle with castor sugar.

Aunt got this recipe from our cousin, Rose Henderson, nee Adam, of Wales.

St Ambros Biscuits Joan Martin  
5 Cups SR Flour.  $\frac{3}{4}$  lb. Butter  
 $2\frac{1}{2}$  " Sugar. 4 Eggs.



## **Extracts from The West Australian dated 9th June,1973**

This was an interview with Norman Martin by Ross Cusack and titled:

### **A Compleat Angler**

'The ever-present sense of humour bubbled over again as Norman Martin describe how he used to fish with the much-loved Jimmy Mitchell, former Premier and Governor.

'Norman - he is 91 years old now - and Jimmy Mitch used to fish all night on the Busselton jetty, and the great man always wore a blue suit and had a habit of wiping his fishy hands down the front of it...

'Until he retired in 1941, Norman was a records and correspondence clerk in the Department of Agriculture, and it seemed only natural for him to keep a detailed record of all his fishing experiences.

'In the ten years between 1942 and 1952 he caught 7,225 fish with a rod from the Cottesloe jetty and another 14,765 on handlines from a dinghy off south Cottesloe...

'Finally a kaleidoscope of incidents recalled over 70 years:

. A loud-mouthed bully cut a woman's line after she had cast over him on the Cottesloe jetty. A one-eyed man protested gallantly, and the bully knocked him unconscious. Norman and three mates grabbed the bully and dangled him over the side of the jetty until he pleaded for his life, screaming that he couldn't swim.

. At Nornalup a woman hooked a fish, wound it right up to the rod tip, and asked helplessly: "What will I do now?" A companion quipped: "climb up the rod and cut his throat."

. Nine years ago when he was 82, Norman went for an involuntary swim off the end of the Busselton jetty. He was fishing for garfish and was alarmed to see a shunting locomotive bearing down on him. There was only one way he could go and after he was rescued the loco crew sat him up near the firebox to help him to dry out and get warm. They wanted to take him to hospital, but Norman would have none of it. He went back to the end of the jetty and caught another ten garfish.

. A day on the Cottesloe jetty in the 1920s when a big tiger shark attacked a man in the shallows and the victim bled to death on the beach. Norman remembers trying to shepherd his two sons away out of sight. He recalls that the man was closer to the beach than several other swimmers yet the shark came right in for him.

'His farewell comment was typical: "Whatever you put in the paper I won't deny it because I'm too old for them to call me a liar."

# DAUGHTERS OF PIONEERS

CONNIE BERRYMAN  
MARGARET WILSON  
JOAN SALOM



Marg, Joan and Con at Joan's flat

# CONNIE'S RECIPES

## Connie's Shortbread

10g 5 oz Marg. or butter  
 6g 3 oz Castor Sugar  
 2g 1 oz Bistard Powder  
 2g 1 oz Cornflour  
 12g 6 oz S. R. Flour  
 14g 2 teaspoon Vanilla

Cream butter & sugar. Add  
 dry ingredients. Roll  
 into balls (20c size) & flatten  
 with a fork.

375 Elect. Stove - about 20 mins  
 (Makes large tray full)

## Devilled Chicken

Chicken, jointed  
 oil  
 1 lge onion  
 2 garlic  
 2 Tablespn. Lemon Juice  
 Lemon rind.  
 1 cup Tom. Sauce or Soup.  
 1 Tablespn B. Sugar  
 1 Teaspoon Mustard  
 1 Teaspoon Curry Powder.  
 2 Tablespn. Vinegar  
 1 Teaspoon Soy.  
 P + Salt

Saute chicken in oil, drain,  
 arrange in lge. dish. Fry  
 onion & garlic, add lemon  
 juice & rind, Tom. Sauce, B. Sugar,  
 mustard, Curry Powder, vinegar,  
 Soy, salt & pepper. Bring to  
 boil, pour over chicken pieces.  
 Bake covered in mod. oven  
 1 1/2 hrs. C.B.B.

## AFGANS (C.B. BERRYMAN)

4ozs. Butter  
 3ozs. Brown Sugar  
 1 Tablespoon Cocoa  
 7ozs. S.R. Flour

2ozs. Corn Flakes  
 1 Egg  
 Pinch of Salt.

Cream Butter & Sugar, add  
 egg and then rest of ingredi-  
 ents. Place in small  
 heaps on buttered slide,  
 bake in mod. oven for 15 mins  
 Cool and ice with chocolate  
 icing and top with walnut.



## CONNIE'S LETTER

to

my son, Peter Baker

38 Sholl Street  
Mandurah  
25th March 1965

Dear Peter

Will you please give your mother a message for me? Tell her that her letter came today, and that I was so glad to have news of the Bakers.

I expect that you are kept busy these days, with Kindergarten, and two young brothers to keep an eye on. I am the eldest in my family, + my two young sisters gave me quite a lot of bother at times.

Sour Marnie came to see us the other day and we spent most of the time talking. She showed me some very nice photographs of you and the boys, and I could see how big you are now.



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When you lived in Perth did Marnie ever tell you the story of Mr. Tookalook?

Long ago, when we were little, we lived on a Sheep Station called Mt. Sativist. It was out in the bush & there were no other children to play with, so we had a lot of pets instead. This is a picture of where we lived.



The funny little round house was our bath room. It was a very big water tank with a door cut in the side of it. We had

3.

about twenty lambs and a kangaroo,  
& for a little while we had a porcupine,  
but he got' away. ~~One day~~ One day a  
man brought us a great big egg,  
about as big as four hen eggs ,  
and it had a small break in it. Gran  
put it in a tea cosy with a hot water  
bottle to keep it warm, and in the  
morning we were very excited to see  
a turkey chick had hatched out.



We had been reading about an  
Eskimo called Mr. Tookalook, and we  
decided this was just the name for a  
baby turkey, and he seemed to like  
it too. We fed him on meat chopped



up, and wheat, and he grew fast and was such fun to play with. He had long legs with only three toes on his feet, and the cats didn't come too near him because of his sharp beak.

~~Then~~ Then one day he had an accident and broke his leg, and tho' we tried to mend it, he got sick and died. We cried and cried because we were so fond of him, and we had a funeral for him and buried him in the garden beside an oleander tree. all the twenty



lambs and the Ranganoo came too. I have drawn only two lambs because they are difficult.



## MOTHER'S RECIPES



Standing at the Magistrate's bench,  
Cossack,  
when she opened the Museum there.



## Pat Robertson's Date Loaf.

- 1 lb. Dates
- 2 Teaspoons Bi-Carb Soda.
- 2 cups BOILING water.  
Pour soda + water over chopped dates + allow to cool.
- 2 Tablespoons Butter.
- 1 Cup Sugar
- 2 Eggs.
- 3 Cups Plain Flour.
- Salt.

Beat butter + sugar well; add beaten eggs; then dates, flour + salt.

Makes 3 loaves. Cook in moderate oven 1-1½ hrs.  
Stow.

## Lemon Delicious Pudding.

¾ to 1 Cup of sugar, creamed with 2 Tablespoons of butter. Add 2 Tablespoons (sifted) flour, juice + rind (grated) of a large lemon, ½ pt. Milk, well beaten yolks of 2 eggs. Before putting into casserole, add well beaten egg whites - just "fold" into mixture.  
Cook in a dish of water

## Cheese Biscuits

12 ozs Flour SR  
1½ teas. dry mustard  
Squeeze lemon  
6 oz butter  
6 grated cheese  
Yolks 3 eggs  
a little water  
Cayenne Pept



$\frac{1}{2}$  lb Butter  
2 sm cups Sugar  
2 well beaten eggs  
2 egg cups A. R. Flour  
2 lge cups Peanuts

## Peanut Biscuits

Cream  $\frac{1}{4}$  lb butter with 1 small cup sugar

Add one well beaten egg & then  
one large cup A. R. Flour

one " " peanuts (salted)

Mix well & drop in small spoons full  
on a cold, greased slide - NOT TOO  
CLOSE TOGETHER.

Bake in a moderate oven.

## PALERINO.

8 Oranges

4 lbs. Sugar

2 Pkts. Tartaric Acid

1 Pkt. Citric Acid

1 Pkt. Epsom Salts

6 Cups Boiling Water

Grate rind of oranges and extract all the  
juice, add sugar and acids and dissolve all in the  
boiling water. Stir thoroughly - bottle when cold.



at home. Raspberry Tart.

3 Tablespoons R. Flour.  $1\frac{1}{2}$  Tablespoons Sugar  
2 do Cornflour.  $1\frac{1}{2}$  do Butter.  
Yoke of an egg + enough milk to knead  
roll out. Bake dish bake in med.  
oven.

Filling 1. Dessertspn Corn Flour. 1. Dessertspn <sup>Powder</sup> Custard  
this w/ juice of 1. lemon, 1. orange, yoke of an  
egg. Have 1. Cup boiling water +  $\frac{3}{4}$  cup sugar  
pour over mixture + boil 2 mins. Take  
off + put in 1. Dessertspn. butter. Make meringue of  
egg whites + pile on top. Brown. (Cool before  
filling case)

Flummary.

1. Tablespoon Gelatine. 1. Tablespoon Plain Flour  
6 Passifruit. 1 Cup Sugar.  
Juice 2 oranges + 2 lemons. 2 Cups Water.  
Put Gelatine, sugar, 1 cup water in s/pan +  
bring to boil, stirring all the time. Mix  
flour smoothly w/ other cup water + add to  
Gelatine etc. + boil for several minutes.  
When cool add juices. Beat mixture  
until thick + creamy + then add passifruit.

# THE SEARCH FOR TARABLE

In 1992 Margaret Wilson opened the William Shakespeare Museum at Cossack. The following poem was a collaborative effort by Margaret, Judy Hall, Alan Wilson and Ron, Tom and Sam Wilson. We had just eaten a wonderful meal of tarable (called mud crab by the uninitiated) caught by Ron, Tom and Sam. And the words just flowed as we each contributed the lines or reshaped others.

There were several highlights of this trip, but the shared meal and the sharing of the experience of catching the food for the meal, followed by creating the poem was very special. It's poor poetry, but we had a lot of fun.

And Margaret, our Mother and Grandmother, was the centre of this event - the link between her parents and grandparents who had lived at Cossack, and two generations of her descendants who were with her for the opening of the Museum. We stayed on for several days at the Backpackers Hostel (previously the Police quarters) and were able to visit some of the family 'sacred sites'.

Another highlight was the official opening of the Cossack Museum that was done impressively by our Mother/Grandmother. On another day, with Margaret's help and an old photo, we eventually located 'Dig Down', the place on the beach where mail was delivered by sailing ship from Fremantle, and then mail collected to be transported back south.

Out went the hunters bold  
Armed to the teeth with fencing wire.

Great grandson and great great grandsons  
Set out in the footsteps of pioneers.

Young hunters treading in the path of their forebears.  
'A tarable, a tarable', said they.

For some a mud crab would do, but these ferric-brained newcomers  
Know nothing of the ways of old.

They trod the hard sands of Settlers Beach  
As the tide was low, past the rocks of Dig Down.

Undaunted by inexperience and untested tools, they stalked forgotten prey.  
The great tarable hunt was underway.

Between black rock and golden sand,  
A shard of sunlight glints on a wicked claw.  
'Governor, Governor, come you here,' called Minor Major.

One, nay two - lurking in the darkness.  
Beady red eyes on stalks extended, confirmed their presence.



'Come, son. I'll show you how,'  
Bravely spake the unblooded descendant of the hunter true.

The improvised weapon flashed forth and ensnared its awesome prey.  
'Yes Dad - but it's too big for the bloody bag!' sayeth Minor Minor.

The father's success allows the discoverer to have his turn.  
The youngster wields his bent lance to the farthest depth of the crevice.  
The smaller adversary was by far the more difficult to ensnare.

Seated at the victors' feast the hunters share their prize.  
Reawakened Cossack ghosts, stirred by the steaming, unmistakable aroma of  
the tarable are well content with the re-awakening of this ritual.

Three generations saw Cossack established and flourish.  
Now three return and rejoice in re-instating the forgotten man.  
The quest for tarable binds the generations.

And Margaret is the link that has drawn them back.



**Tom Wilson with one of the catch**

# HELEN MARGARET WILSON

Has lived seventy five years

A war-time baby, cradled in white linens,  
Never dreaming of the battles she herself would fight  
Nor of the cruel ways in which a later war  
Would rob her of those she held dear.

But battle scars have become badges of honour.  
Through suffering has emerged a victorious spirit,  
With shining wisdom and deep compassion  
Forged in the living of life as presented.

Through an eventful three-score years and more,  
Whatever the circumstances, there has been little time  
For bewailing what might have been.  
There has been so much to 'get on with'.

Years of selfless giving and spending of self  
Have seen three children reach maturity  
And return loving gratitude for the sacrifices  
Made in countless ways.

These years have etched their marks on you  
But have been powerless to mar or conceal  
The inner beauty that comes from strength  
And the unquenched spirit that conquers all.

Tragedy's brush has not diminished the loveliness  
Nor the sheer delight in life and living  
And the deep delicious sense of fun  
That rises to the surface - again and again.

May you continue to find, ever renewed,  
The wellspring of that- irrepressible zest for life  
That colours your enjoyment of people  
And marks your deep concern for their wellbeing.

Through all, the eternally youthful spirit remains,  
Draining deeply of sorrows and bitter events,  
But soldiering on to wipe away tears,  
And claim the sweetness of love beyond measure.

July 1990  
Elizabeth Tuttemann

# HELEN MARGARET WILSON

wrote the following piece before presenting the Perth Museum with articles owned by Sarah Theodosia Hall.

Today we parted. Not one last message. Nothing.

It would have been easier to bear if she had left me something, but it was not to be. She was so beautiful, and I had grown to love her over the years. If it had not been for ample storage space under my old home perhaps I would not have got to know her at all.

My home housed all I will probably ever know of her. Such a strange little collection will go to the Museum today: her miniature painted in oils on ivory, two letters, that dear little cabin trunk lined with blue sprigged wallpaper for her gowns, the brass hasped bonnet box, the great brass-bound sea chest, a piece cut from the hem of her pale green gown just to show the hand embroidery, and her escritoire.

Not much else, but it has been enough to kindle a very real affection and a longing to know more. I hope she was glad that today I cared enough to peer with a flashlight, to tap and explore every tiny compartment of her writing desk. There was a very real looking drawer complete with keyhole and key, but it was false and led nowhere

And so now I have to accept that there is no new written word. I did discover that the brass fittings of the desk were all handmade and the craftsman who bound it in brass and fashioned the key plates, was proud of his skill and left his initials on the back of one. There were all those loops to secure her precious letters, a brass lidded compartment for her quills, a box for sealing wax and her seal, and little splashes that show which place housed the ink.

And now for the last time, I have polished the brass and oiled the gleaming wood with its lovely rich glow. It is better that they go where unborn generations may go to see them and I'd like to think that there will be one that cares as I care, who feels that her coming to this distant, strange land was worthwhile - and that we love and appreciate her for all she must have endured.

I'd like to think there was laughter too and I know for sure there was great affection, or her husband could not have written as he did after she died in his arms on the seventeenth day of February in 1858.

Grandmamma farewell.

H. Margaret Wilson



## JOAN'S RECIPES

Joan Salom

### Powder Puffs.

3 Eggs  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  cup S. R. Flour  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  cup cornflour  
 $\frac{3}{4}$  cup Caster Sugar  
1. teaspoon Cream of Tartar, sparing.  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon Carb. Soda, sparing.

Beat Eggs & Sugar

Mix dry ingredients together. Fold in.

Drop by spoon on to tray.

Bake in moderate oven for 10 minutes.

These are very dry & keep for ages in an airtight tin.

Margaret Donnelly, The West Australian, November 1978

#### STAINED GLASS WINDOW CAKE:

$1\frac{1}{2}$  cups whole brazil nuts  
 $1\frac{1}{2}$  cups walnut halves  
250 g. maraschino cherries  
250 g. dates  
 $\frac{3}{4}$  cup mixed peel  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  cup green cherries  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  cup seeded raisins  
 $\frac{3}{4}$  cup flour  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon baking powder  
 $\frac{3}{4}$  cup sugar  
3 eggs  
Pinch salt  
1 teaspoon vanilla

Grease and line a 1 kg loaf tin. Aluminium foil or the non-stick baking paper is good for this.

Place all the ingredients in a bowl except the eggs and vanilla. Mix so that the fruit is well dispersed. Beat together the eggs and vanilla and then mix in well so that the total mixture is stiff. The flour and eggs really form only a glaze and keep the mixture together.

Spoon into a tin and press down well. Bake in a slow (150C) oven for two hours. Cool in the tin.

When cold store in refrigerator and serve in thin slices with coffee or drinks.



## SOME OF JOAN'S WRITING

### A FRESH LOOK AT PERTH

HAVE you looked at Perth lately? Really looked, I mean—cleared your eyes of the familiarity of it and appreciated its beauty and its rhythm and warmth?

It is five years since I lived there, and in the meantime I have sat on the shining black beaches of Tahiti eating crisp green mangoes, stood in awe before the treasures in the Prado in Madrid, seen spring come in the west of Ireland, watched

From JAY HALL in Antibes

the Thames in the twilight, wandered up the Spanish Steps in Rome.

All this I have loved—and I want to go home.

The Mediterranean is just as blue as they say, and in the south of France the bathing is almost as good as in the Basin at Rottnest. Looking across the bay at Palma de Majorca on a still evening the scene is comparable in beauty with the view from Kings Park on a serene summer night.

TO travel a little was a dear wish fulfilled. So many prejudices have evaporated in the warmth of kindnesses shown by complete strangers whose language I could not speak adequately to express my thanks. Hardly a venture has proved unrewarding, many have exceeded all hopes.

I spent the other day at St-Paul-de-Vence, and was dazed with the beauty of this old, old town whose ancient walls literally grew out of the top of the hill of its site. But I don't want to go back; I want to take this memory with me and keep it to savour at home.

When I think of Perth the immediate picture is of the Terrace at dusk

with the lights reflected in a misty drizzle.

I don't know why, for I hate getting wet while waiting for a bus at the end of the day—but it must be beautiful, for this picture has stayed with me, and my heart sings to think I shall be there next year.

TRAVEL is broadening (I take a size larger all round, which I hope includes my mind) and I am not asserting that Australia is the most desirable place to live, though it well might be, and in my small experience it is.

This I can say only to people who know Australia, and I try never to fall into the trap of being so Australia-minded that I cannot appreciate the wonderful places and things to be seen and felt elsewhere.

For, after all, how sickening it would be to show someone the grandeur of the big timber country in the South-West, to be told that the cork tree plantations of Portugal are more picturesque; or how infuriating to point to the sweeping, rolling wheatlands, and hear that the Ridings of Yorkshire are more romantic.

Under duress at school

I mumbled Dorothea McKellar's lines about loving a sunburnt country. She explained reasonably that while she appreciated what other lands had to offer, her "love was otherwise." It has taken a year or two, but I am happy to place my vote with D. McKellar.

Have you really looked at Perth lately—white sails on the river, the dazzle of the beaches, the suburban gardens? Have you thought of the flowers in the hills in October? In fact, have you thought how comforting it is to walk down a street and see someone you know?

Perhaps I am riding for a fall, but at this moment I do believe the nicest part of travelling is going home.

### PHRENIC ODE TO EGGS OF QUAIL

Easter fare this year is prosaic/exotic,  
 Its range gastronomic botanic/aquatic,  
 But Quail Eggs ('til now academic rhetoric)  
 Occasion this household a picnic historic;  
 We muse when to eat them, mood lyric-euphoric,  
 Reflect on results astronomic-caloric,  
 Resolve for the future on tactic gymnastic  
 To equalize strain on concentric elastic.  
 Though the humour's diabolic and metre rheumatic  
 (Due to bats in the epigrammatical attic),  
 Receive through your radar's electrical static  
 Our thanks unpoetic but epic-ecstatic. J.S.

**16 June 2006**

**Bloomsday**